

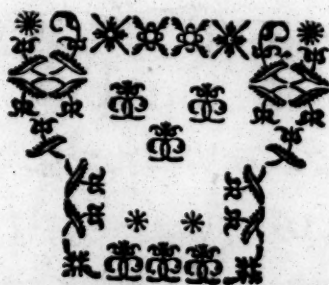
1560 / 520.

Miscellaneous Devotions

I N

P R O S E and V E R S E.

By a Convert from INFIDELITY.



L O N D O N :

Printed by M. LEWIS, in *Paternoster-Row*. 1757.

Miscellaneous Devotions

PROSE and VERSE

By a Gentleman from Ireland.





T H E
P R E F A C E.

TH E following Devotions are made public, after having been writ above four Years, and what now brings them to the Eye of the Public, is a Motive of Charity to a Family whom the Lord has called to follow him thro' his Poverty. The Heart of the Author yearning from the Spirit of Christ to relieve them, and not being able at the Time their Need was made known, so to do, put these private Devotions into the Hand of the Father of the Family, who is a Man of Piety, begging he would consult the Lord, if it was his Will they should be printed; determining what Profit should arise from the Sale of them, should go to cloath his Wife

iv The P R E F A C E.

and Children. It is hoped by the Author, that many Souls may receive a Benefit, who are naked, as to the Righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, as she was for many Years; having from the Corruption of her own Heart in the first Place, (as she owns) and the Conversation of the Wise and Learned of this World, been drawn into deistical Principles. May such as are in the same, and arrayed in their own Righteousness, take Warning from the Despair consequent to the Author's trusting to hers, and may they by the Light of God's Countenance, see how unfit a Robe it is to appear in before his Throne, *who is of purer Eyes than to behold Iniquity.* And may poor trembling Souls, who are conscious of their Nakedness, and that their own Righteousness is filthy Rags, which cannot hide the Leprosy of their Souls, and have not been led to the Fountain opened for Sin and for Uncleanness, and the Righteousness of Christ, and may be still trying to patch
up

The P R E F A C E. v

up their Rags, but find it all in vain, that they are too rotten to hold together, and at last give over any Hope to set down at the Marriage-Feast, for Want of a Wedding-Garment; may they take Heart when they read the blessed Faith of Assurance of an Acceptance with the Father, and of eternal Life as his Free Gift in his Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, the which she was brought to from the Depth of Despair.

It is hoped the Piety of the Readers will cause them to overlook what Faults as to Poetry and Grammar may be found in these Devotions. And the Motive of Charity to both the Souls and Bodies of God's dear Children, joined to a Love of Gratitude to Christ, who had gone so far into the Wilderness to bring back her strayed Soul, will take off any Censure of Presumption in a Person so unlikely (but from the above Motives, being of a reserved and diffident Disposition) to make her private Thoughts public, by printing them. They

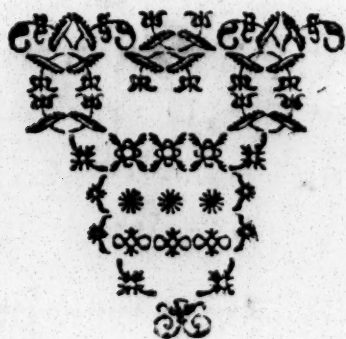
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They were wrote at different Times, and often in a Hurry, and interrupted, being wrote at the Country-House of a Friend, who saw not the Gospel in the same Light as herself; and, as out of the Abundance of the Heart the Mouth speaketh, she, not meeting then with any one, who could in the same Spirit receive the Breakings out of her Heart, refreshed herself by writing, as Opportunity gave leave, the following Supplications and Thanksgivings to the Author and Giver of every good and perfect Gift in Christ.

She desires the Christian Reader may be requested to be earnest in Prayer for her, that she may increase in Grace, and in the Knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, and be filled with that Charity, so beautifully described by the Apostle *Paul*, without which, though we have Faith in the highest Degree, and though we give all our Goods to feed the Poor,
it

The P R E F A C E. vii

it will avail us nothing. May they pray that from the Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ she may extend her Heart in charitable Sentiments, as well as her Hands to relieve Christians of all Denominations; and may the Almighty, who has revealed himself to be a God whose Nature is Love, break down all Partition-Walls which divide his Children, and lay all into one in his Spirit, who love our Lord Jesus Christ in Sincerity and Truth; to the Glory of God the Father.



is will a ... May the ...
 from the ... the Lord Jesus Christ
 the may extend ... in ...
 Sentences, as well as her ... to ...
 have Christian ... of the ...
 and now the ... who ...
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 is ... all ...
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Miscellaneous Devotions, &c.



HOLY and Reverend is thy Name, O thou most High ; the holy Angels veil their Faces when they adore thee. And thou, in loving Mercy, wooeth fallen sinful Man to come unto thee, that thou, having taken their Nature on thy glorious Self, mightest wash them with thy precious Blood ; that they might lean upon thy sacred Bosom, and find a blessed Rest unto their Souls.

My Soul doth long for thee, my gracious God ; and yet I am ready to draw back, through a deep Sense of my Unworthiness, to approach thy Goodness. Yet absent from thee, my Soul cannot know the least Degree of Joy or Comfort.

Purify that Soul thou hast redeemed with thy most precious Blood. Soften that Heart thou hast done so much to gain, and be not absent from me, Lord, for ever.

A

The

The short-lived Glimps thou hast vouchsafed
unto me ; the sweet and holy Visits thou hast
condescended to grant unto me, satisfy not : but
rather cause a holy Longing to live with thee,
my Lord and my God.

In vain the Sun doth gild the Field,
Or Trees their beauteous Verdure yield,
My Soul doth still repine :
Ha ! lovely Sun, thy brightest Beam
Is faint, yea dark I it esteem,
To that I seek to shine.

In vain doth bloom each lovely Flower,
In vain falls each refreshing Shower,
I unrefresh'd remain ;
In vain the Birds in tuneful Notes,
In grateful Strains do stretch their Throats,
Their Melody how vain !

In vain, ye Streams, you sweetly flow ;
Far sweeter Streams I thirst to know,
Rivers of heav'nly Love !
In vain, ye lofty Hills, you rise,
Higher than ye I lift mine Eyes,
To Heav'n mine Eyes do move.

In vain sweet Converse of each Friend,
In vain Assistance kind you lend,
To cheer my drooping Heart;
In vain each tuneful Instrument,
In vain my Grief for to prevent,
You, Harmony impart.

Arise



Arise thou Sun of Righteousness,
 My Soul first heal, then shine and blest,
 With Love in every Beam ;
 Then lovely will appear each Flower,
 Refreshing then will prove each Shower,
 Sweetly will flow each Stream.

When flows within my once faint Soul
 That Stream, which first did make it whole,
 Now fills it with Delight ;
 O purest Stream ! for ever flow,
 No Interval O may I know,
 When thou my Soul shalt flight.

Ye Birds, how tuneful now your Throats !
 Ye praise my God in all your Notes,
 While inward Praise I sing ;
 In vain ye Hills, you do not rise,
 Beyond you now move not mine Eyes,
 For I have Heav'n within.

Praise unto him who gain'd my Heav'n,
 For whose Death-sake I am forgiv'n,
 Whose Blood has purg'd my Sin.

Y O U idle Songsters of vain Mirth,
 Or Songs profane, which take their Birth,
 To sing frail Woman's Praise,
 How nauseous to the holy Ear,
 Which listens, Praise deserv'd to hear,
 In grateful heav'nly Lays :

But still more nauseous is the Praise,
 Still more offensive are our Lays,
 When they're to Heav'n address'd ;

Unless the Spirit pure refine
 The humble Soul, dictate each Line;
 And every Thought express.

Forgive, Creator great, forgive,
 O thou in whom I seek to live,
 Forgive my Attempts to praise;
 I humbly, Lord, will silent wait;
 All that's my own my Soul will hate,
 'Till Heav'n inspires my Lays.

Grant me, in pure Simplicity,
 My gracious Lord to sing to thee,
 Raise my admiring Soul;
 Declare thy sweet, thy gentle Love,
 In holy Strains giv'n from above,
 My Heart, O Lord, controul.

Move and restrain me, Spirit pure,
 Nor let vain Words my Pen allure,
 Which empty are of thee;
 My inward Peace let me declare,
 Which I possess, when e'er I share
 His Love who dy'd for me.

His bleeding Death I'll ne'er forget;
 Bleed Heart, when thou remember'st it,
 Think from what Love doth flow
 That Blood which in Christ's Heart did glow,
 Till on the Cross he dy'd.

Thro' Faith, behold God's blessed Son
 Upon the Cross resigned hung,
 Behold his pierced Side;

O Love divine ! 'twas Love to me,
Which caus'd his Death upon the Tree,
Who spread the Heavens wide.

Sing Hallelujah, O my Soul,
To him whose Wounds have made thee whole,
And gain'd thee for his Bride ;
According to the Father's Will,
Whose righteous Law he did fulfill,
And Satan's Power defy'd.

LORD, I am sensible I am not worthy to look up unto thy Holiness ; all that belongs to me is to say with the Publican, *'God be merciful to me, a Sinner.* But, O my God, for the Glory of thy Son, who came not only to save Sinners from the Punishment due to them, but to call them to Repentance ; and who has declared it is his Will that his Disciples should glorify his Father, in bringing forth much Fruit. O grant me to bring forth the Fruits of thy most Holy Spirit, which Spirit grant me, O my gracious God and Saviour, for thy Death and Sufferings sake. Grant me to learn of thee, to be meek and lowly in Heart, and, according to my Station, to do Good unto all Men ; but be my delightful Society the Household of Faith. May I not seek my own, but my heavenly Father's Glory ; thou diedst not only, O Saviour, for me, but to glorify thy Father, thy Father and my Father, thy God and my God. By thy Death thou didst vindicate thy Father's Justice, and save the Offender ; Glory, Thanks, Praise, and the most holy

holy ardent Love, be unto thee, O Father most gracious, O Lord most holy, O God most mighty, that such is thy Nature, that thy Glory and Man's Salvation agree in one. The same Action accomplished both. *Glory be to God in the highest, on Earth Peace, good Will towards Men.*

No longer now our God is fear'd,*
 Tho' more than ever he's rever'd.
 Behold in Christ his holy Face,
 Behold! 'tis full of Love and Grace.
 In thy dear Saviour view thy God,
 No slavish Fear of Anger's Rod.
 Now shakes my Soul, but drawn by Love,
 I toward my heav'nly Father move,
 O from him may I never rove!
 O Father, draw me to thy Son,
 To view the glorious Deed he's done.
 'Tis he, 'tis he, yea he alone,
 For all my Sins that did atone.
 My Disobedience to God's Laws,
 Of which foul Pride was first the Cause,
 Caus'd God's dear Son on Earth to die,
 Whose Glory fills the Heaven most high.
 To die on Earth an humble Death,
 On a vile Cross to yield his Breath;
 O Heart relent, melt down, O Heart,
 To me thy Spirit, Lord, impart;

In

* *There is no Fear in Love; but perfect Love casteth out Fear: because Fear hath Torment. He that feareth, is not made perfect in Love, 1 John iv. 18.*

In Spirit grant me, Lord, to view
 This Wonder, and believe it true.
 Behold upon the Cross, do meet
 Justice supreme, and Love most sweet.
 Behold, behold that Head recline,
 Where dwells the Majesty divine.
 Behold his sacred Blood doth flow
 To wash his Creatures sinful Woe ;
 And prove to them a healing Stream :
 O think it not an idle Dream,
 That God his Children thus does love,
 But let this Love thy Heart-strings move.
 Behold ev'n harden'd Rocks do rend,
 When Christ to die doth condescend.
 But Man, vile Man's much harder Heart,
 Acts a more fix'd and stubborn Part,
 Yea, stony Sepulchres give way,
 That Saints inclos'd may see the Day
 When God, Mankind doth thus redeem !
 When Mercy glorious thus doth beam !
 But still Man's Heart quite clos'd doth keep,
 No Holiness within doth sleep ;
 O ! if it did, it sure would wake,
 And Hearts, tho' stony, sure would break,
 To give th' awaken'd Grace a Vent
 To view this Scene with Eyes intent.
 Behold it now the Father's Will,
 He, whom his Law did all fulfil,
 Obedient to the meanest Death,
 In Pain surrender'd his pure Breath.
 His Will, this Son, to glorify ;
 Praise him ye Cherubims on high ;

Sing,

Sing, Jesus risen, sweetly sing,
 To Heav'n exalted Christ our King,
 Who did to Man Salvation bring.

}

Hear me when I call, O God of my Righteousness, but gracious first inspire my Prayer. Behold, O Lord, the humble sighing Heart, which knows not any Joy but what thou givest. Lord, this vain World thou knowest I long to leave; quite irksome to me is the chattering idle Visit, where not any Note, which soundeth of my Saviour's Love, is heard; much rather had I suffer Affliction with the People of God, than to enjoy the highest Pleasures Sinners prize in their vain Company. I love the kind Reproof of faithful Friends, which testify their ardent Love to God my Lord, and Love sincere to me: hateful the nauseous Praise addressed to me, and my dear Lord forgot. O Lord, who sees my entire Want of Power even to take Care of the outward Man, much less can I think I have any Power to take care of my Soul, therefore, Lord, I cast myself upon thee, a poor, vile, wretched, helpless Creature, longing for superior perfect Happiness; hungering and thirsting after Righteousness, yet find in myself neither Happiness or Righteousness, which are inseparable. Seeing, O Lord, I must be very happy, or very miserable. That which contents the People of the World, contents not me. Fulfil then, O Lord, my Soul's Desires; and, if my Soul's
 Desires

Desires are fulfilled, I must be very happy : happy in the Lord of universal Nature, who is righteous, good and happy in himself. Shall I suspect my God will leave that Soul to Misery, to which he has given such a *holy Love* ? Increase my Soul's Desires after thee, O holy, holy, holy Lord God ; for Jesus says, *thou wilt fulfil them all.*

Have Mercy upon me, have Mercy upon me, and, according to the Multitude of thy Mercies, do away mine Offences. O whither shall I fly, ah ! whither shall I fly, but to the out-stretched Arms of everlasting infinite Love, atoning for my Sins upon the Cross ? O Sun of Righteousness ! the Light which I receive from thee, shows me my Sinfulness more every Day than other ; O shed forth those Beams which show the Father's and the Saviour's Love, and my Salvation in the Lord of Life, Christ Jesus ! I have strove to wash me by Repentance, but found not that sweet Refreshing, that intire Cleansing which purifies the Soul. Bring me, still more humbly, Lord, to the Foot of thy Cross ; from whence flows alone that Stream which washes Sin away, which makes the foulest Sinner whiter than Snow. Give me that Love to thee as my dear God and my Redeemer, which will make me hate Sin because thou hatest it, and because it is inconsistent with a Fellowship with thee, *who art of purer Eyes than to behold Iniquity.* O my God ! when the *carnal* Mind warreth against the Spirit, grant me the Strength to resist it ; deny those Appetites which

B

draw

draw from thee to vain and *sensual*, short-liv'd Pleasures ; or, were they durable, detestable, compared to those pure Joys and inexpressible Delights which are the Portion of the heavenly Mind ; which finds its God in Christ. O my heavenly Father, forbid that my poor Heart should so love the Creature, tho' ever so amiable, so as to wean my Love from thee. Shall I admire and doat upon the Work, forgetful of the Almighty's gracious Hand that formed it ? Is there any Thing lovely in the Creature, which is not infinitely more so in the all-lovely Creator ?

Whenever then my Eye shall view
 A Creature fair, with Heart that's true ;
 A virtuous Mind, which outward shines,
 In beauteous Looks, which Heav'n refines :
 When e'er the Lilly and the Rose
 Adorn the Face where pure Love glows ;
 When e'er in *Cloe's* sparkling Eye
 Bright Beams of Sweetness I espy ;
 When her right Form doth graceful move,
 And *Cloe* range the silent Grove ;
 Or when genteel, with sprightly Dance,
 O'er the gay Plain she doth advance ;
 Or when she strikes the tuneful String,
 Her great Creator's Praise to sing ;
 Creator great ! Redeemer dear !
 Whom much she loves, much doth revere :
 In all her Charms, O may I see
 Blest Rays of the Divinity.
Cloe, as God's dear Creature, love ;
 May Gratitude my pure Heart move,

From

From tender Love to the sweet Fair,
 For I to love her should not spare.
 But only rest not in her Love ;
 From her to Heav'n my Love should move :
 Not meanly center here below,
 My heav'n-born Fair won't have it so ;
 But what's much more, the God above,
 He who alone inspires pure Love ;
 He, he forbids, even he doth say,
 Thy Love to Heav'n must wing its way.
 Behold the holy God supreme,
 The Object of thy high Esteem.
 Behold he courts thy tender'st Love ;
 His Emblem is the gentle Dove ;
 Behold it rests on Jesu's Head,
 This Dove so kind from him's not fled.
 Come then my Fair, I'll to my *Cloe* say,
 Come thou bright Nymph, my Charmer,
 come away ;
 Haste to his Temple, open is his Gate ;
 His holy Ears for thy sweet Praises wait.
 Come then, my Love, and praise him in the
 Song,
 To whom, for thee, my Praise doth sure belong.
 But more, that his blest Self to me he's given,
 His glorious Self, whose Presence is my Heaven.

Methinks I hear those Lips, from Guile so
 free,
 Which spoke to *Peter*, speaking thus to me :
 O thou, for whose Soul's sake I bled and dy'd,
 To ransom thee from Hell to be my Bride ;

Lovest thou me? again he doth repeat ;
Lovest thou me? again in Accent sweet ;
Lovest thou me? my list'ning Ears doth greet. }
 O grant me, Lord, from a pure Heart to say,
 Yea, Lord, thou know'st I love. Without Delay
 Increase my Love, my Faith likewise increase,
 And grant me, Saviour, thy sweet inward
 Peace.

Form every Thought, inspire ev'ry Wish,
 Move thou my Lips, my Looks, be thou my
 Bliss.

May I retire, led by my holy Lord,
 To hear the Admonition of his Word ;
 To the still Grove, where breathes not any
 But holy Silence awful waits around, [Sound,
 'Till my dear Lord shall gracious condescend
 To call my humble Soul his Bosom-Friend.
 He gently whispers Notes of holy Love
 In Sounds divine, of Melody above
 Th' harmonious *Organ*, or the gentle *Lute* ;
 In Sounds which purest Souls alone can suit.
 Souls, wash'd in Jesu's Blood, that holy Flood
 Which wash'd those Stains, the Ocean had
 withstood ;

That Soul renew'd by God's most Holy Spirit,
 Purchas'd for us alone by Jesu's Merit.
 O blest Retreat ! for ever could I stay,
 But sure methinks I hear my dear Lord say, }
Lovest thou me? again without Delay
 I'll answer, Yes, my Lord, thou know'st I love.
 ' Then straight to feed my Sheep with Plea-
 ' sure move.

As

' As *Peter* fed their Souls with Bread divine,
 ' Feed thou their Bodies, for their Hunger's
 ' mine.
 ' Feed thou the Poor, the helpless Infant feed;
 ' Cloath thou the Naked, think thy Lord did
 ' bleed
 ' For the poor Beggar hung'ring in the Street:
 ' Heav'n's King on Earth wash'd his Disciples
 ' Feet;
 ' Each Action kind, which to the Poor is done,
 ' Shall be repaid by God's beloved Son.'
 Strait I arise, God's Love will Recompence,
 The Time and Alms I to the Poor dispence.

I own I am unworthy the least of thy Mer-
 cies; I find the Truth, O Lord, more every
 Day than other, that without thee I can do no-
 thing; far be it from me to wish any Power in
 my Self, seeing thou, through whom we can do
 all things fitting for us to do, art always ready
 to work in us to do the blessed Will of our
 most holy Father. O Lord our God, Life of our
 Joys, empty of thee, how mean, contemptible,
 a wretched Being is Man; when merry, our
 Mirth is Madness; when serious, melancholy;
 but when thou, having redeemed and washed us
 by the Blood of Christ, dost deign to dwell with
 us, how sacred, how sweet is our Mirth! when
 we are serious, how chearful! Dearest Redeem-
 er! from the Misery my Disobedience had plun-
 ged me into, Purchaser of Heaven's pure Bliss for
 me, O what Return, my Jesus, shall I make
 thee;

thee; say, my blessed Lord, say, what dost thou require? *My Child*, thou sayest, *give unto me thy Heart*. O take it, Lord, and keep it ever thine; I own, my God, such is my Weakness, that the World, unless thou prevent it, will make me giddy, and for a Time will seize my poor frail Heart, confine it to its paltry Self, and its vain tinsy Toys, and short-lived, mean, poor, sensual Delights. But O! stretch out, stretch out that kind and powerful Arm which saved poor sinking *Peter* from the Sea, least I should sink in the paltry Waves of this vain World, and find at Bottom Wretchedness and Filth. If Paths of worldly Sorrow lead me to my God, the Path of worldly Sorrow chearfully I'll tread; come Disappointment of each vain Desire, if unexpected Joys, prepared for me by God, will crown my Soul, submissive to my God and Father's Will; Joys far beyond what now I can conceive.

Lord God Almighty, who art of purer Eyes than to behold Iniquity, be merciful unto me, and cleanse me from all Sin; and, seeing thou hast opened a Fountain for Sin and Uncleaness: O draw me to it, I importune thee, draw me; for such is the State and the Depravity of our fallen Nature, we rather chuse to slumber in our Filth than rise and wash. Quicken me, give me an ardent Love to spiritual Delights; suffer me not to sow unto the Flesh, for of the Flesh we reap Corruption; but of the Spirit, Life eternal: And what is this so much desired Life, but to know thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou
hast

hast sent. O strange! frail Man would eat of that
 one Tree which God forbid on pain of Death;
 and now, commanded to eat the Tree of Life and
 live, we turn away. Thou art the Tree of Life,
 O Son of God! thou sayest, Unless we spiritually
 feed on thee in Jesus Christ, we have no Life.
 How ready was we to be beguiled, believe our
 Enemy and eat? How slow we are to believe
 our God, our true and only Friend, and eat and
 live? O give me day by day this Bread of Life;
 for in the Day we eat not of it, we in Spirit die;
 are dead to God, though to the World alive. O
 grant me, Lord, to die unto the World, and
 live to God in Jesus Christ. O may I die unto
 Pride and unto Covetousness, to Envy, Malice,
 Fraud, Intemperance and Rage. May the World
 be crucified unto me, and I unto the World, so
 as not to delight in its sinful Follies which war
 against the Soul; but not so to abstract myself from
 my Fellow-Creature, as not to be attentive to re-
 lieve in every Shape, as far as it may please our
 gracious God to enable me, their various Wants;
 and grant me sweet and holy Society with those
 who love our God in Jesus Christ. But, O my
 God, fit and prepare my Soul for sacred Retire-
 ment; be there my highest Joy. O make me
 truly simple, Lord, before thee, and, as a little
 Child, to receive the Kingdom of Heaven.

Heavenly Notes of holy Love,
 Gently move you all around;
 Angels bring your tuneful Harps,
 Send from thence harmonious Sound.

Faint

Faint all Music here below
 To express the Harmony
 Which th' heav'n-born Soul doth know,
 Tasting Love above the Sky ;

Condescending from his Throne,
 Man to bless, redeem'd from Hell
 By Great God's beloved Son,
 Heaven's Gates now open dwell.

But we Heaven first must find
 In a new-born heav'nly Heart,
 By God's Spirit pure refin'd,
 Which from Jesus doth not part.

Here behold me, O my Lord,
 Suing for this holy Bliss ;
 And my God's most sacred Word
 Says, *Who seeks it, shall not miss.*

With what Ardour should we look
 Up to Mercy's lovely Throne ;
 God has human Nature took,
 For his Friends he doth us own ;
 If obedient we will prove
 To his blessed Law of Love ;

Prove obedient then, my Soul,
 All thy former Pride^r confess ;
 All thy Sinfulness, so foul,
 Seeking earthly Happiness :

In a Glory of thy own,
 God forgetting or not priz'd ;
 Earthly Love, and that alone
 Pleasing seem'd in thy weak Eyes.

Now

Now the Pleasing doth appear,
 Beauty which on Earth doth dwell ;
 My pure Love would fain draw near
 Beauty which doth that excel.
 When a glorious Action done,
 With much Praise Men do relate ;
 Then I think of Vict'ry won,
 Won o'er all my Soul doth hate ;
 Not for selfish Glory won,
 When he conquer'd all Hell's Power,
 No, great God's beloved Son
 Never knew so mean an Hour.
 No, his Father's Glory mov'd
 All his Emulation, true,
 He his Father's Glory lov'd ;
 View the glorious Conq'ror, view.
 View his out-stretch'd bleeding Arm,
 Man, fall'n Man, for to restore ;
 Think, O think, my rescu'd Soul,
 Then with Gratitude, adore.
 Own thyself a Rebel vile,
 Disobedient to thy God ;
 Evermore then with a Smile,
 Love, obey, and kiss the Rod.
 Tho' the Flesh you shall deny,
 Your Obedience blest will prove,
 Love of thee did crucify
 God's dear Son, whom most he lov'd.
 Glorify'd by Jesu's Death,
 Heav'nly Justice sweet doth prove ;
 And my Jesu's dying Breath
 Sounds of Mercy and of Love.

When his Blood in Streams did flow,
 Our pure Bliss sprang from his Woe.
 From this conq'ring Scene of Blood
 Turn my Soul to Jesus risen,
 Nothing has his Force withstood,
 See, he's broke his Marble Prison,
 With him rise to holy Life,
 Free from Sin, and free from Strife ;
 View him glorious now ascend,
 Brightest Angels him attend.
 What Reward, O Spirit, say,
 Ask'd he as the Victor's Pay ?
 Bring to Mind his gracious Pray'r,
 Say, what Blessing shall I share,
 Wretched I, tho' freed from Hell,
 Unless I with Jesus dwell,
 For the Vict'ry he should win
 Over Death, and Hell, and Sin ?
 When Christ did resign his Breath,
 And by dying conquer Death ;
 Our Salvation's Captain dear
 In his Heart receiv'd the Spear ;
 First collected he within
 Thine and my most woeful Sin :
 Wound Sin ! here the Saviour cry'd,
 Then he bow'd his Head and dy'd.
 O say what beloved Spoil
 Ask'd he for his Pain and Toil ;
 When he should ascend on High,
 Captive led Captivity.
 O my Soul, prepare to hear
 Thy Great Lord's most blessed Pray'r :

When,

‘ When, my Father, I shall sit
 ‘ On my Throne in Glory great,
 ‘ Angels waiting my Command ;
 ‘ For I sit at thy right Hand ;
 ‘ May the meek and humble Soul,
 ‘ Which submits to thy Controul ;
 ‘ Not thro’ slavish Fear of Hell,
 ‘ But where purest Love doth dwell :
 ‘ May they Glory share with me,
 ‘ Share my true Felicity ;
 ‘ Father, share with me thy Love,
 ‘ Hear my God in Heav’n above.
 ‘ Hear me, Father, hear thy Son,
 ‘ O may they with me be one ;
 ‘ I in them, and they in me,
 ‘ As I, Father, dwell in thee.
 ‘ Father, holy God of Heav’n,
 ‘ Be my Murderers forgiv’n,
 ‘ Not ev’n they endure Hell’s Pain : ’
 Thus pray’d Christ ; nor pray’d in vain.

Cherubim and Seraphim,
 Tune your golden Harps and sing ;
 Sound with Trumpet’s royal Voice,
 Sound Christ’s Pray’r, while Men rejoice,
 Hearts and Souls, redeem’d by Blood
 Of the glorious Son of God.
 With an holy Love prepare
 Your Redeemer’s Praise to hear ;
 Glorious Spirits all around,
 Sing while grateful Hearts rebound.
 Then prepare, with Notes of Love,
 The bright Seraphims above,
 Thy Redeemer’s Praise to sing,
 Beat the Time each Angel’s Wing.

High and holy Gratitude
 Raise our Notes above the Cloud ;
 Sense of Jesu's once felt Pain,
 Sharpen thou the grateful Strain ;
 Sense of condescending Love
 Melt the Sounds, and make them move
 In most sweet and holy Notes,
 Gently flowing thro' our Throats,
 Of our Saviour and our God,
 May we publish all abroad
 The Renown that's due to him,
 In a sweet and holy Hymn ;
 May we second his blest Pray'r,
 And to publish it not spare.

Hear me, Father, gracious, mild,
 Hear me, Father, hear thy Child ;
 Jesus taught me for to say,
 Thou'rt my Father, when I pray.
 May I one with Jesus be,
 As he, Father, dwells in thee ;
 May I all his Glory share,
 Which thou gracious did prepare
 For thy lov'd victorious Son,
 When for Man he'd Vict'ry won ;
 May I share with Christ thy Love,
 Hear me, Father, God above :
 Thus I'd not presume to pray,
 Had not Jesus pav'd the Way,
 Pav'd the Way with holy Blood,
 Wash'd me with that holy Flood.
 Shall I of this Blood think mean,
 Slight this wond'rous gracious Scene.

Or

Or shall I profanely say,
For too much did Jesus pray,
In a false Humility ;

From the Blessing shall I fly,
To the wond'rous Offer shy? }

True Humility says this :

Prize the pray'd-for holy Blifs.

'Tis where Love don't humbly reign,

This sweet Pray'r will prove in vain.

This my Pray'r I'll daily make,

Father hear, for Jesus' sake ;

Echo back in Sound from Heav'n,

What thou asks, to thee is giv'n :

Bow, believe, adore and love

Thy blest God in Heav'n above,

With thy Mind, thy Heart, thy Strength,

Blest, compleat thou'lt be at length.

Patient wait the long'd-for Day,

When thy Soul shall soar away

To thy God in Heav'n above,

The bright Realms of holy Love.

Dearest Saviour of my once lost Soul, blest
Shepherd, who has fought and found me, thy
poor wandering Sheep, lost in Paths of Error,
led by the poor dim Light of human Reason, ri-
sing from the low damp Ground of my corrupted
Clay ; a most deceitful Vapour, which brought
me to the Precipice of Self-conceit, from which
I fell into the Pit of Infidelity : Being gid-
dy with my Fall, I took the Sins, which I
partook of by the Way, for shining Qualities :
Hardness of Heart, for Fortitude ; eager Pursuit
of worldly Interest and Fame, for a right Pursuit
to

to raise myself, and glorious Emulation; but alas! I fought not my Great God, my heavenly Father's Glory. Mistrusting of his Providence; omitted the tender filial Care of a beloved and tender, aged, infirm and careful Father, to seek my worldly Interest, absent from him; and this, although it grieved my Tenderness, my little Mind did glory in; counted my Contempt of God's revered Word a manly Wisdom; and Check of his most holy, kind and gentle Spirit, Fortitude. Thus fell I, giddily thinking that I rose; till, coming to the Bottom, dashed against a Stone, frightened I awoke, and saw Despair with Justice standing awful by! O seize me not, I cried, I struggled for a-while—till Justice cried, it must be so. Behold thy crucified Redeemer, whom my all-seeing Eye beheld thy Soul reject. At these true Words my shivering Soul reluctant yielded to the woeful Grasp, and lay inclosed in her most wretched Arms, while Wisdom saw it fit. Hating myself, revering God's Decree; till moved by Love, which all my vile Neglects and base Ingratitude could not abate: Thou Saviour came, and with a Voice which melted my benumbed Soul, did say, Arise. Then tighter held me down the Fiend Despair, till with thy Voice of Power thou didst command Release. A blest Release I found; filled with thy Spirit, Heavenly Dove! sent me by thee, my God. Upward to thee I flew; nor looked I back on the false glittering Qualities which once I priz'd; but to thy out-stretched Arms, once nailed upon the Cross, for Safety flew. Thy Power supreme will keep me ever there, while God the Father smiles
to

to see me blest; smiles to behold the Power he
gives his Son, so exercised in a forgiving Love.

Sweet is the Element in which I breathe,
How different from the Fumes beneath!
Sweet Purity around doth flow,
While Love divine my Soul doth know.
O may I ever here remain,
Where nothing foul the Heart can stain;
Where gentle, holy, chaste Desires
Are kindled by celestial Fires,
While glowing blest, which ne'er expires. }

O holy Lord, keep me from being led by false
deluding Spirits. Let me not fear; he who re-
sisted *Satan* in every Shape, will keep me safe.
Blessed God and Father, shall I think that thou,
when I ask of thee the living Bread, wilt give me a
Stone? Thou knowest with what Ardour in
thy dear Son's Name I have asked thy Holy Spi-
rit, and still do ask it: Then grant me, Lord,
to follow it undoubting, chearfully, without the
least Degree of Hesitation, lead it through what
Paths it will, thinking it the Way God's Wis-
dom doth approve, and that the End will per-
fectly be blest.

Come, Spirit pure, and lead me to my God,
Descend to meet me from thy blest Abode;
O holy Jesus! tender loving Friend!
Eternal God! whose Love is without End.

P O S T-

P O S T S C R I P T.

IF the Reader find the same Thoughts expressed in different Parts of these Devotions, it is hoped that it will not be thought a Fault, but rather a Proof of Sincerity ; nor to the pious Reader will it be disagreeable, for what the Heart is full of, or desires to be so, it is natural to repeat unawares ; and to desire a Blessing, or expressing a Thankfulness twice, is not impertinent or tiresome, though the rehearsing of Stories may be so ; but that there is Matter enough for Criticism, is allowed : But no Censure will make the Writer of them grieve, but their being thought not according to the Scriptures, which is not feared, they having had the Approbation of some pious and learned Ministers of the Gospel, before sent to the Press ; but if under a Mistake in that Point, shall be much obliged to any who will correct the unscriptural Passage.

F I N I S.



